

TOC H JOURNAL

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At Branch Level

THE REAL LIFE of Toc H is lived at Branch level. It is not in its Council or Executive Committees or administrative offices that its essence is chiefly to be sought, the joys of its fellowship to be savoured or the fruits of its service to be assessed, but in a thousand little rooms where the Branches meet one night in the week and in countless 'jobs' on the other nights, modest in themselves but adding up to a great total that cannot be measured. Where the Branch is truly alive—and that is very often but not everywhere—the pulse of Toc H beats strongly and, without need to be told of it, the neighbours feel the warmth it spreads. In such a place the best answer to a stranger asking the old question "What is Toc H?" is not a speech or a pamphlet but an invitation: "Come and see—we meet on Tuesday nights."

Toc H is blessed with a host of friends and with many faithful General members who are prevented, for one reason or another, from sharing normal Branch life. But to the active member his own Branch is the working unit, the visible embodiment of the 'Family', the thing that counts. The District Team comes alive to him if he happens to represent his Branch upon it. He may have a sense of local patriotism about the Area in which his Branch is situated, as a soldier may be proud to serve in a famous Division, but the Area Executive probably means no more to him than Divisional H.Q. to the soldier—and that is nothing. As for the Central Executive (unless his Branch is one of the rare ones to have a member upon it), it is a shadow on the horizon, with purposes which don't seem to be any concern of his. The machinery of these remote bodies is not the Branch member's cup of tea. "Our Branch" vitally matters—so let its voice be heard!*

* See a new feature on page 102.



ALAN PATON

Beyond these Angry Voices . . .

The General Election due to take place in the Union of South Africa next month is bound to bring to a head the dangerous controversy between the races which increasingly darkens the scene. Nothing less than the whole future of the country is at stake, and in that all its people, including of course our own fellow-members, are involved. By the courtesy of the News-Chronicle we are enabled to reprint together here three articles from its issues of February 9, 10 and 11, written by ALAN PATON, Toc H Commissioner for South Africa. This voice of reason may prepare us to follow the news of the General Election and assess its outcome with better understanding.

I. New Hopes in Africa

MANY OF US used to think Africa would go on sleeping for another fifty, perhaps a hundred years. Even those who knew quite a lot about the growth and power of ideas, thought that their rate of spread in Africa would be very slow. A well-known phrase, *the pace of the ox*, came into our speech and literature, but it is going out now.

We talked like that because, superficially, it appeared to be true, or perhaps because in our hearts we wanted it to be true. We wanted Africa to stay asleep.

Yet all the time we were waking it up. Our pioneers, missionaries, traders; our mines and industries; our growing cities; our books, and our liquors, each in turn got the blame—mostly perhaps the missionaries, but we were all responsible together.

We were ploughing the land of a whole continent, looking for treasure; it wasn't our intention to prepare it for the seed of new ideas.

We still thought these new ideas would be spread by formal education. We didn't foresee great events in India, China and Indonesia. Then suddenly these formal ideas,

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE

South Africa's population is composed of:

Two-and-a-half million white people (60 per cent. Afrikaans-speaking).

One million coloured people (of mixed blood).

Nine million black people (Africans).

Half a million Indians (largely the descendants of labourers from India).

that had lain useless in immature minds, were written large across continents, and began to spread like an infection. Africa had begun to wake, half a century before its time.

Apartheid

How ironic that at this very moment we should choose a white Nationalist Government which, by its measures to maintain white supremacy, should have done more than any other to hasten the spread of these new ideas! Non-white people became more conscious than ever of their non-whiteness; they became filled with new determination to assert themselves as men.

The plan of this Government is by now fairly well known to the world. This separation of race from race, or *apartheid* as it is called, is justified on many grounds. It is the only way to prevent bastardisation, and to preserve that racial purity which is the Divine Will; it is the only way to ensure the continuance of white supremacy and of Christian civilisation; it is the only way to prevent racial friction and to preserve peace; it is the only way to do justice to the non-white races.

This mixture of self-regarding and altruistic motives is plain to see. There are Nationalist idealists who urge *total separation*, that is, complete large-scale territorial separation, so that non-white races can achieve a development which will stop short only of sovereignty.

They argue that *partial separation* smacks of domination and exploitation; and will lead to everlasting strife and unrest.

On the contrary, the realists regard *total separation* as a dream, and the Government itself has said it is impossible.

Both Right.

Both these arguments are absolutely right. Partial separation is wrong, total separation is impossible. Meanwhile, idealists and realists stick together. History has taught Afrikaner Nationalists to stand together. They are a small nation, facing a hostile world and a hostile continent. Trusting in God they have won through before. They must do it again. Their reasons mostly come from the heart.

The African National Congress and the Indian Congress are totally opposed to the plan of racial separation. They see it as a plan to ensure their perpetual inferiority. They have no constitutional power to alter it, therefore they will resist it. They defy laws which they consider unjust.

They say this defiance campaign is directed against the Government, not against the white race; its aim is justice, not revolution; they regard the ejection of the white man from Africa as an absurd objective; they are pledged to non-violence.

Race Riots

The defiance campaigners have so far maintained a high standard of conduct. Their moral inspiration comes from Christian and Eastern sources. But in a country more race-conscious than ever before in its history, who can suppose that deep racial feelings are not involved? African Nationalism is the inevitable reply to Afrikaner Nationalism.

Therefore the leaders of the defiance campaign will need brains and courage if they are to stay faithful to their published ideals. Still another danger confronts them. There have been murderous riots, in the "locations" of Port Elizabeth, East London and Kimberley. The overt leadership in these riots is taken by the warped products of the slums of a colour-bar society. No white person, even if his life has been devoted to black welfare, is safe; if he is near, he will be killed. No building erected with white money for black welfare is safe: it will be burnt to the ground. These riots cast a pall over the whole country, of anger, hate, sorrow and fear. Reason is at a discount. The defiance campaign is held responsible, directly or indirectly.

Even white people who have sympathy for non-white aspirations begin to wonder if the Government is not right after all. Then comes the ominous call for the "common white front", made not only by Nationalists, but by some prominent United Party leaders as well. This is the call, which, if obeyed, will mean the end of hope in Africa.

It took courage at this very point for Patrick Duncan and his few companions to join the defiance campaign. His action strengthens its moral nature. He has a repugnance for nationalism on the one hand, and revolution on the other; and he has a deep and true love for South Africa.

His action has roused deep resentment among Afrikaner Nationalists; he will get no quarter. Nationalist newspapers have called for much sterner measures against inciters, even by Act of Parliament.

In the grip of what madness are we caught, when love of one's country so divides man from his neighbour? It is the

madness of those who think unity can come of a multitude of separations; that people can only live together by not living together.

II. The Burden of the Past

THE REST of the world says our plans are firstly wrong and secondly impossible. Why then do the South African Government have such plans at all? Why do they persist with a course that runs counter to the tides of the world? Some of their reasons are deep, emotional, traditional. To understand them some historical account is necessary, which I shall try to make brief and simple. It will therefore have the defects of any synopsis.

From 1652 to 1800 the Dutch had the southern tip of Africa more or less to themselves, if we ignore the Hottentots. They disliked the rule of the Dutch East India Company and trekked away from it, leaving the fertile Cape for the harsh Karroo. In isolation their language changed to Afrikaans; they called themselves the Afrikaners, people of Africa, not people of Europe.

A Parallel

Profoundly religious, they found in the Old Testament account of the wanderings and sufferings of Israel a striking parallel to their own. They felt themselves also to be a chosen people.

Trekking further north, they encountered the southward-migrating Bantu tribes, which by far outnumbered them. There was unceasing warfare between them. The subjugation of the black man became the sole guarantee of white survival.

So fierce was the Afrikaner will to survive that sexual relationship between white and non-white (which had been practised in the earlier days of the Cape, hence the "coloured" people), was forbidden by the strictest of unwritten laws.

But in 1800 the British took the Cape. Some of their officials, but notably their missionaries, adopted an attitude towards non-whites which Afrikaners found intolerable.

Great Trek

In 1836, as a result of this and other causes, began the Great Trek, and after heroic sacrifice and struggle the Afrikaners founded pastoral republics in the North, in which there was to

be "no equality in Church or State". Meanwhile in 1853 Britain gave the Cape self-government and a franchise open to all qualified men, no matter what their race.

But the Republics were not to be left alone. Diamonds were found in the one, gold in the other. British fortune seekers streamed into the Transvaal. British Imperialism clashed with the Afrikaner will to be separate, and the clash resulted in the disastrous Anglo-Boer War. The Republics were defeated in 1902, but Campbell-Bannerman restored self-government in 1906.

In a wave of goodwill the Free State, Transvaal, Natal, and Cape Colony came together in 1910 to form the Union of South Africa, under the Government of Botha and Smuts. The Cape insisted that its franchise should be preserved. But in 1912 Afrikaner Nationalism under Hertzog broke away from Botha and Smuts. Botha's Party drew its inspiration, from 1906 and 1910, from unity and reconciliation; Afrikaner Nationalists drew theirs from their past history, and from the Century of Wrong. They were determined to be separate and survive. In 1924 Hertzog came to power aided by Labour. In 1933 he combined with Smuts, again causing Nationalism under Dr. Malan to break away. Hertzog's notable act was constitutionally to remove Cape African voters to a separate roll in 1936. Dr. Malan came to power in 1948, at the head of the first purely Afrikaner Government.

Here then was the chance, long waited and fought for, to refashion the whole Union on the pattern of the Republics. Here was the chance to carry out the policies of racial separation, by which alone white civilisation could survive.

Goes Deeper

It will therefore be seen that whatever may be the overt reasons for separation policy, there are deeper traditional reasons. That is why the idea of inter-racial partnership in one society is so utterly repugnant to Afrikaner Nationalism.

That is why the Government can pursue a course that runs counter to the tides of the world. That is why Nationalist idealists, knowing the world, turn to the impossible solution of total separation.

1953 is our election year. Will the Nationalists get in again? Were their supporters in 1948 whole-heartedly in favour of their racial policies? Or was there a floating vote? What will happen if they get in again?

They will proceed further with the Group Areas Act which is designed to eliminate mixed racial areas, and to bring all similar areas together in larger zones.

The Nationalists may use the Suppression of Communism Act to silence more of their opponents. They will take much sterner measures against passive resisters and inciters who are defying the "people's will".

Such actions will provoke further resistance, and deepen the cleavage between white and non-white.

Is There Hope?

The news will be flashed to Nigeria, Kenya, Uganda, Nyasaland; to India and Pakistan. The whole immense problem of race relations throughout the continent and the world will be made more urgent and more difficult.

Is there any hope that a new wind of sanity and reason might blow through our country, or must we first be chastened by violence and terror?

Is there not an alternative to the brutal finality of "no equality in Church or State"? Is there no alternative to Afrikaner Nationalism? Or must it take us all down with it to destruction?

III. A Liberal's Answer

THERE IS, of course, one immediate alternative to the National Party, and that is the United Party. If 1948 was a life-and-death struggle, and if there was no floating vote, then the United Party will not be returned. But if there was a floating vote, the U.P. might be returned. What then?

In 1948, when the U.P. was defeated, many blamed the late J. H. Hofmeyr, who had consistently advocated greater rights for non-whites. It was pointed out to the party by Hofmeyr himself that to regard him as blame-worthy, and to rail against his liberalism, was inevitably to endorse in some measure the policies of the Nationalists themselves.

The United Party still stands in this uncertain position. It still regards liberal utterances about non-whites' rights as dangerous to the party. The electorate is asked to vote for the U.P.'s "White Policy", which is an immigration policy aimed at increasing the white population.

This policy has the intention, one trusts, not of strengthening

white domination, but of lessening white fears, and therefore of lessening the ever-present temptation to rule by force. But be that as it may, it remains a hard and pitiless truth that the only real and vigorous reply to Nationalist White Policy is not another White Policy, but one which will offer greater hope to us all for a better and happier country.

Of course, the U.P. must get votes from a white electorate; we all understand that. But whatever it does, it can never win the coveted title of the Defenders of White Civilisation; that belongs to its opponents.

I do not think it understands this. One is forced to conclude that a victorious U.P., unless it has secret plans and determination, will not take the urgent and imaginative steps required by the present critical and fast-changing situation.

Open to All

Yet I state here that if the U.P. got in, many hundreds of thousands of us, white and non-white, would rejoice; many would laugh and weep. It would seem for many that some long night of despair had at last come to its end.

Nevertheless, the true and hopeful alternative to Afrikaner Nationalism is not Anglo-Afrikaner Nationalism; it is the opening of the doors of opportunity to all our peoples.

The true alternative to "no equality in Church and State" is not only better housing and higher wages, important though they are; it is the opportunity for all to qualify to share in their rights and duties of citizenship. It is, in other words, "equal rights for all civilised men".

The Liberal believes that there must be no colour-bar to prevent a man from enjoying education, acquiring skills, buying a house, selling his labour.

He is prepared to grant the full Parliamentary franchise to all those who can qualify for it. He believes not in separate rolls, but in a common roll for a common society.

It is this new and growing society that will consider the whole matter of existing legislation, that will decide what laws or portions of laws are pernicious, and what are valuable; that will decide what separation arrangements are permissible in a society far from homogeneous; that will regulate sexual behaviour as it wishes.

This is the real question before the white people of South Africa, although it does not appear to be so. It is whether South Africa is to be a country dominated by white people and

white interests, or whether we are prepared to share our civilisation, its rights and duties, and its tasks of government.

In the riots at Port Elizabeth a black minister of religion, at the risk of his own life wrapped a white child in a blanket and spirited him away. Is such a man not worthy to be a full member of a civilised society? Do we bring him in, or do we shut him inexorably out, forcing him maybe into the ranks of the bitter and violent, where his voice will be for ever lost?

Wanted—a new Party

In view of the present racial situation, there is urgent need for a South African Liberal Party, which will advocate the broadening of society in the only way that evolutionary process will permit us to take.

Such a party will not emerge before the 1953 Election because so many of its potential adherents are already working for the United and Labour Parties; the defeat of the Government is seen as the supreme priority. But it must emerge after that: it offers the only alternative to white Nationalism on the one hand, black Nationalism on the other.

The emergence of such a party would not necessarily break the present racial deadlock. Non-whites would not fall on its neck, partly because it would at first be numerically weak, partly because non-white leaders have in revolt committed themselves to a universal adult franchise. Liberals could not accept this.

If the African and Indian Congresses persist in the demand for a universal adult franchise, then they must share with White Nationalism the blame for having created a situation where reason and statesmanship will no longer be of any avail.

It will be seen that our future is dark and anxious. But not only for us: it is dark and anxious for all Africa. The white man came to Africa, and established there what is called Western Civilisation.

Now he must learn to share it more fully. It seems clear that Africans have an intense distrust of any kind of sharing which *first* is primarily based on racial separation, and *secondly* is devised by white people.

What else but Liberalism could succeed in creating a third force more powerful than any Nationalism? Will it succeed? Will it be in time? Liberals must put these questions out of their minds. There is a possible way, and at all cost it must be tried. There is only one alternative, and that is Revolution.

A.P.

MULTUM IN PARVO



❖ THE TOC H FESTIVAL will be held in London on June 13 and 14. Requests for tickets on the printed paper provided must be posted by Branch Secretaries *not later than March 31*. An allocation will then be made of all tickets available for the Royal Festival Hall and Westminster Abbey, so requests posted later than March 31 cannot be considered.

❖ LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR EDMUND HERRING, President of Toc H in Australia, is to lead the Australian Services Contingent at the Coronation.

❖ Colonel NORMAN PETERS has been appointed to be Hon. Commissioner of Toc H in New South Wales.

❖ JOHN B. MACMILLAN, Warden of Brathay Hall, Ambleside, formerly Secretary of the Iona Community and at one time on the War Services Staff of Toc H in Orkney, has been appointed to fill a vacancy on the Staff from March 1 and will be going to Scotland in June.

❖ THE LINCOLNSHIRE AREA RALLY will be held at Skegness on April 11 and 12.

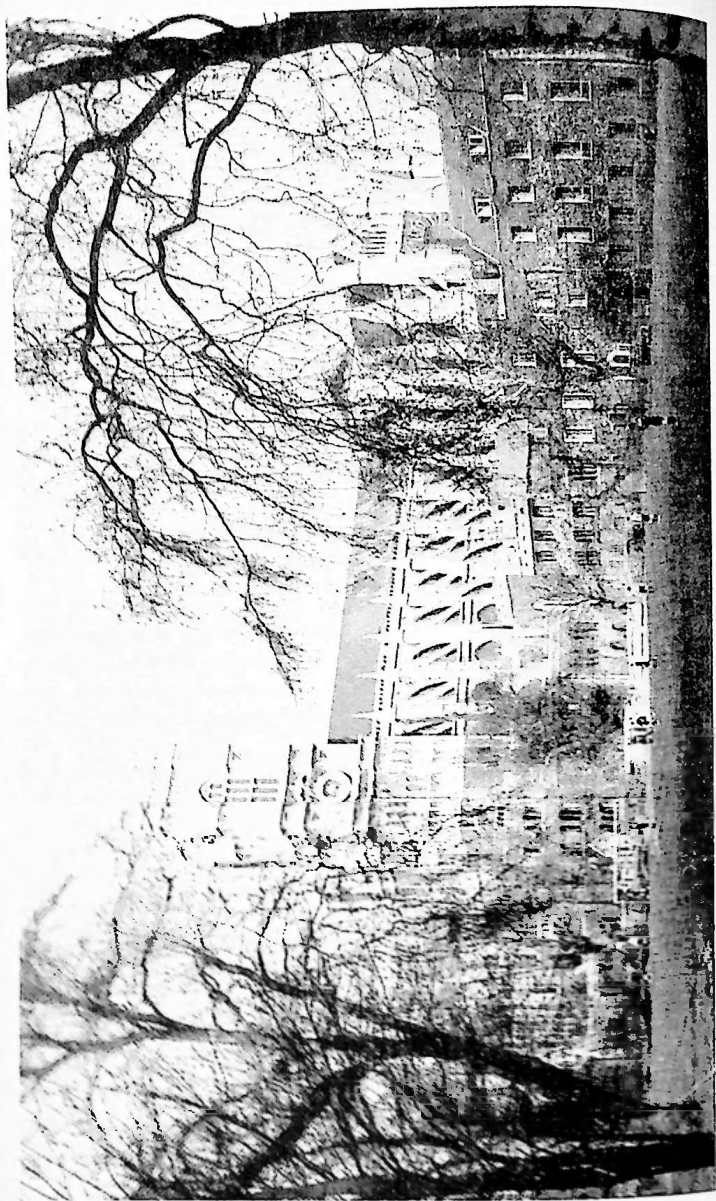
❖ THE LONDON TOC H SPORTS MEETING will be held at Battersea Park on July 11.

❖ THE TWENTIES CAMPS for physically fit members and male friends between sixteen and thirty years of age will be held at Langdale in Lakeland, from June 13 to 20 and at Hawkshill on the Kent Coast from July 11 to 18. Particulars now available at Headquarters.

❖ THE FARNHAM CASTLE WEEKS will be held from July 27 to August 22. (See the January JOURNAL, page 29.) Family bookings are now complete but there is still room available for some adults.

❖ TALBOT HOUSE, POPERINGHE, welcomes those who book their beds in advance through the Old House Secretary at Headquarters.

❖ The April issue of this JOURNAL will be a double number and will include the ANNUAL REPORT of Toc H.



The Abbey

THERE ARE MANY ABBEYS, Minsters and Cathedrals in our land but to most of Toc H "The Abbey" surely means the one at Westminster, portrayed opposite from a little-known viewpoint in Dean's Yard. In size exceeded only by York Minster and Winchester Cathedral, in historic interest yielding more perhaps than Canterbury or any other Cathedral, this year at any rate the Abbey is pre-eminent in the public view as the scene of the Coronation.

We take the Abbey for granted. Nelson named it as the alternative to the victory he later won, but another battle is on now and may be lost. Constant attack must be made against the corrosive elements eating into the Abbey's stonework if the fabric is to be preserved. This can be assured only by capital expenditure on restoration and by an annual income for maintenance. For this and for the endowment of the choir school, the Dean and Chapter, while overtaken by the claims of the National Tempest and other funds, have launched their appeal to Great Britain, the Empire and Commonwealth, for a million pounds this year.

Two bearers of ancient lay offices will assist in administering the fund, the High Steward of Westminster, Lord Halifax, a member of Toc H enrolled in India and now a President, and the High Bailiff, Harry Willink, a former Marksman and Chairman, now a Vice-President and Trustee of Toc H.

Our links do not end there. Tubby, as all can now read, found his full vocation while studying at the Abbey under Dean Armitage Robinson: this year as a Chaplain to the Queen he attends the Coronation. Our London Centre sheltered under the Abbey during the latter years of the last war. Our Festival Services have been welcomed in the past, not without some surprise occasioned by the choir being drowned by an unaccustomed volume of congregational singing and by the organ voluntary being sung as a patriotic anthem by members as they dispersed. Some will remember the veteran Field-Marshal, Lord Plumer, leaving his stall to step it out with the banner-bearers in procession. Toc H is no stranger within these walls.

The Festival Service

This year it is indeed a special privilege for Toc H to be holding its own re-dedication among the Coronation splendour on Sunday afternoon, June 14, and to be making its own thank-offering to the Abbey. The Dean's kindly invitations have included the Archbishop of Canterbury, a President of Toc H, who will attend the service, the Bishop of Croydon (Cuthbert Bardsley, once a curate of All Hallows), who will preach the sermon, and the many members who, by taking their part, "will be enrolling themselves in a brotherhood of service to God and men which the tradition of the Abbey links across the ages—with saints and princes, with leaders of the people in all generations, and with the holy and humble men of heart who through the centuries have served this ancient shrine of peace and prayer".

R.R.C.

COCKCROW

*The cocks are crowing, as they did
The night that Peter lied:
God give us Peter's heart, who hid
His hairy face, and cried.*

*The cocks are crowing for the day:
God grant we may abide
In Him the Jews conspired to slay,
And Gentiles crucified.*

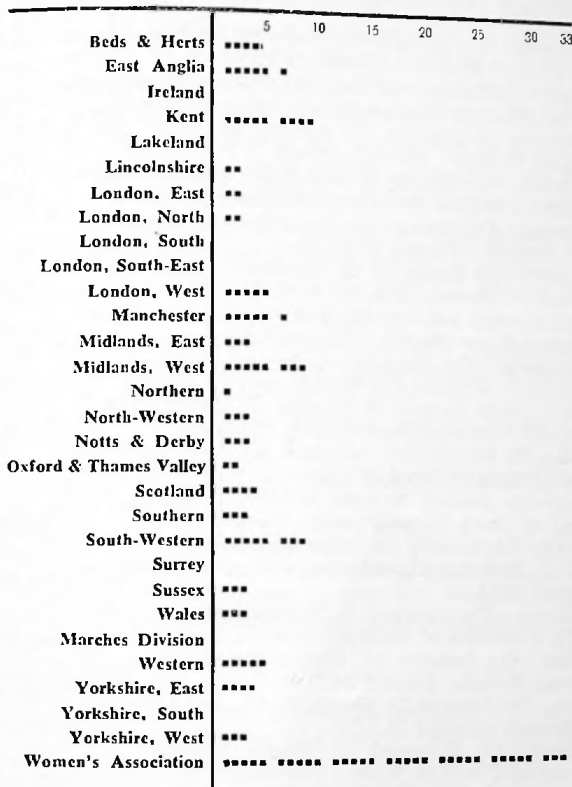
R.M.



Builders' Jubilee

A TABLE showing the enrolments of new Toc H Builders during the first three months of the year, November to January.

Kent Area leads with **nine** new Builders followed by West Midlands and South Western Areas with **eight** each.





The Elder BRETHREN

There be of them that have left a name behind them. And some there be which have no memorial. But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.—Ecclesiasticus, xlv.

ANDERSON.—On January 24, STANLEY ANDERSON, aged 42, a member of Larbert Branch. Elected 23.10.'51.

ANGEL.—On January 12, RICHARD GEORGE ANGEL, aged 75, a member of St. Thomas (Exeter) Branch. Elected 18.9.'46.

BOWMAN.—On January 25, ARTHUR BOWMAN, aged 61, a member of Syston Branch. Elected 4.5.'48.

BRIERLEY.—On January 1, JOHN DICK BRIERLEY, aged 72, a member of Kirkby Lonsdale Branch. Elected 24.1.'44.

COOMBES.—On January 28, JOHN COOMBES, aged 72, a member of Saltash Branch. Elected 21.11.'46.

COWARD.—On December 28, GEORGE COWARD, aged 66, a member of Whaplode Branch. Elected 24.2.'48.

GRAHAM.—On January 10, ARTHUR GRAHAM, aged 57, a founder member of Ripon Branch. Elected 7.8.'31.

HUTCHINGS.—On January 15, ERNEST WILLIAM HUTCHINGS, aged 67, a member of Stoke-sub-Hardon group. Elected 13.11.'39.

JERRETT.—On January 4, ALBERT CLARENCE JERRETT, aged 59, a member of Worcester Park Branch. Elected 19.7.'50.

KING.—On February 3, AUBERON B. KING, aged 79, a member of Downe Branch. Elected 17.1.'46.

KING.—On January 9, JOHN JACKSON PORTEOUS KING, aged 69, a member of Seven Kings Branch. Elected 8.5.'49.

LITTLE.—On January 16, JAMES WILLIAM LITTLE, aged 56, a member of Putney Branch. Elected when a Prisoner-of-War in Changi Gaol, Singapore, 1942.

NICOLSON.—On January 6, HERBERT CAMERON NICOLSON ('Nic'), aged 70, a member of Welwyn Garden City Branch. Elected 5.3.'34.

OXLEY.—On January 19, HARRY OXLEY, aged 42, a member of Stevenage Branch. Elected 24.2.'50.

PAGE.—On January 22, FRANK PAGE, aged 47, a member of Minehead Branch. Elected 21.3.'33.

THOMAS.—On February 16, EDGAR VERNON THOMAS, the Area Secretary of Toc H in Wales. Elected 2.1.'30.

WARD.—On January 3, ALFRED THOMAS WARD, aged 44, a member of Edgware Branch. Elected 10.10.'50.

WATKIN.—On January 13, JOHN HENRY WATKIN, aged 60, a member of Welshpool Branch. Elected 27.2.'43.

WITT.—On January 9, WILLIAM RICHARD WITT, aged 72, a member of Amesbury Branch. Elected 31.7.36.

In Memoriam: 'E.V.'

E.V. was a beloved leader of Toc H in Wales. His Christian bearing under illness and pain during these last years was watched with sympathy and admiration by the Toc H family in Wales and by his many friends beyond our borders.

Edgar Vernon Thomas had fulfilled the three-score years and ten, and during the last twenty-five years he had devoted his life to Toc H. These years coincided with the grim period of unemployment in the South Wales coalfield. E.V. came from the Rhondda Valley and no one knew and understood the human problem of our industrial community better than he.

During the first World War he had served in the Middle East. In the years between the wars he worked for the Assistance Board in South Wales, and during the second World War he gave much of his time and energy to raising the sum of £40,000 for the Toc H War Services Fund.

On his retirement from the Civil Service he was appointed Area Secretary for Toc H in Wales, and his friendship and powers of leadership were soon as deeply appreciated in North Wales as in the South. His ruling passion in these last years was the desire to unite the whole of Toc H in Wales in one fellowship, for he deeply believed that while Wales had much to learn from Toc H, Toc H itself would find a new enrichment of its aims and purposes through the contribution of the Welsh way of life.

The more we remember him and all that he did, the less room there seems to be for grief and sadness. Toc H Wales must go forward with courage, prayer and thanksgiving like to his—that will be our fairest tribute and his lasting memorial.

J.I.J.

R.P. writes: "E.V. and I worked together for at least twenty-five years, and during the greater part of that period we worked as one. Needless to say we miss him greatly. He was so wise a counsellor; he was so big; he was so humorous; he was so human; he breathed Toc H. You see, we who worked with him really and truly loved him. We had so much faith in him and he reciprocated it by faith in us."

In sending this interesting and timely account the writer GEOFF GAVEY, a Yeoman Warder and member of Tower Hill Branch, points out that this year's ceremony will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral as Westminster Abbey is closed for Coronation preparations.

The Royal Maundy

THE DISTRIBUTION of the Royal Maundy which takes place annually on Maundy Thursday in Westminster Abbey is one of the most interesting of the ancient ceremonies retained in the Church of England. Much of the quaintness in the ceremonial has disappeared, but even in its present form it is an interesting survival of an ancient custom.

Some controversy has arisen over the derivation of the word "Maundy". It is generally agreed that it is derived from "Command", and that it has reference to the commands which our Lord delivered to his disciples on the day before his Crucifixion. It is from the Latin *Mandatum*—the new commandment—and the fact that the washing of the feet of the poor was an important feature in the religious observance of Maundy Thursday tends to give support to this view.

Redemption Money

In some accounts of the ceremony it is stated that the Sovereign kissed the feet of the poor people and gave them the gowns they were wearing. Queen Mary I carried out this fatiguing rite and took special trouble to find the most worthy recipient for her gown "of the finest purple cloth, lined with martin's fur". It is interesting to note that on March 19, 1572, Elizabeth I is recorded by William Lambarde, as substituting a money gift in a red purse for Her Majesty's gown, "which (so men say) by ancient order she ought to give to some of them at her pleasure". This alteration, the writer states, was caused "to avoid the trouble of suite, which accustomed was made for that preferment". She had, therefore, "changed that rewarde into money to equably divided amongst them all—namely 20s. apiece". This twenty shillings continues to be given as redemption money and forms part of the Maundy given to each recipient.

A detailed account of the 1572 ceremony states that the Queen (Elizabeth I) took part in a grand Maundy ceremonial in the Hall at Greenwich, where the recipients were duly

brought together. A cushion was placed in front of each poor person for the Queen to kneel upon and her Chaplain conducted the service. First the Laundress, who was provided with a silver basin containing warm water and sweet flowers, washed the feet of the poor people and then after the singing of a hymn, the Sub-almoner and the Lord High Almoner in turn repeated the process.

Distribution of Presents

The Chaplain read the lesson describing the washing of the disciples' feet, and then the Queen entered the Hall, attended by thirty-nine Ladies and Gentlemen—the number corresponding to the years of Her Majesty's age. The "gentle-folk" put on aprons, and bearing towels and basins of water and sweet flowers, waited on the Queen, who washed and crossed and kissed the feet of the poor women, as the Laundress, the Sub-almoner and the Lord High Almoner had done before her. She then distributed the presents: broad-cloth with which to make gowns, a pair of sleeves, a wooden platter on which was half a side of salmon, the same amount of ling, six red herrings, and six loaves of "cheese-bread" together with a white wooden dish of claret wine. She also bestowed on the poor women the towels she had used and the aprons worn by the attendants. The long ceremonial was then at an end, and the Queen then took her departure "by the time the sun was setting", pithily remarks the old chronicler (William Lambarde in 1749). It was in 1685 that the washing of the feet was last performed by the Sovereign. In a book kept at the office of the Register General and entitled "Chapel Royal Register", this instance is recorded: "On Maundy Thursday, April 16th 1685, our gracious King James ye 2^d Wash'd Wip'd and kissed the feet of 52 poor men with wonderful humility. And all the service of the Church of England usuall on that occasion was perform'd, his Majesty being present all the time."

The Royal Maundy Today

Although shorn of some of the original features, the office of the Royal Maundy still bears a resemblance to the service used in Queen Elizabeth I's time. It is one of the few occasions when the public sees the Queen's Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard in their full uniform. The washing of the feet was discontinued in the seventeenth century, but the Almonry

officials continue to be girt with towels and carry the traditional nosegays.

The Royal full Maundy as it now exists is made up as follows, the amounts quoted being for male recipients:—

In a red leather purse with white thongs:—

1. For the redemption of the Sovereign's gown worn on the day of distribution £1.
2. Allowance in lieu of provisions £1 10s. 0d.

In a white leather purse with red thongs:—

The number of pence according to the age of the reigning Sovereign in silver coins, specially struck for the occasion by the Royal Mint, and consisting of penny, two-penny, threepenny and fourpenny pieces amounting in this year (1953) to twenty-six pence—2s. 2d.

In a white leather purse:—

Allowance in lieu of clothing £2 5s. 0d. Total £4 17s. 2d.

Women receive the same amount except that their clothing allowance is ten shillings less, and this is given in a green purse. The number of recipients is also the same.

Prized Gifts.

Recipients are chosen from those applying to the Royal Almonry for assistance, preference being given to those who have formerly been householders paying rates and taxes and who have been the means of employment of others. As may be imagined the gifts are prized far above their actual worth and monetary value and to be included among the recipients is naturally considered an honour.

It is symbolical of the whole of the Charitable Gifts distributed by the Sovereign. In the procession of the Royal Almonry at Westminster Abbey, there are "Clergymen in Academical Robes representing the recipients of the Royal Alms".

Recipients of these Royal Alms, of which the Maundy is but one, live in all parts of the British Isles, and the Alms consist of monetary gifts of various amounts which have a long history and tradition behind them. The gifts consist of Pensions, Discretionary Bounty, Common Bounty, Gate Alms and Education Allowances.

G. A. E. GAVEY,
Yeoman Warder.

'Darkness over all the land'

ACROSS THE NIGHT-SKY the Stars were wheeling in their courses. The Moon, wide awake, filled the heavens with her silver light. Like busy messengers speeding along the track which girdles the sky, the Galaxy shone with a special brilliancy. At times a Comet blazed his trail from Moon to distant Sun; while suddenly a Star would leave the rest and downward plunge towards the earth. There was not one of the heavenly host that slept this night.

The Pleiades huddled themselves together, as men anxious for news and a little afraid take comfort from each other's company.

"Have you heard any more?" asked the youngest. "Is there nothing that we can do?"

"There has been no news since this morning", said another. "But something must surely have happened for, look, how busy the Galaxy is."

"No news, and nothing that we can do", said the eldest. "Nothing that we can do—that is the hardest part of it all. I wish he had never left us, but he said that he had to go. It was the only way he could help them."

"What I can't understand", said a fourth, "is how they can treat him like this. If the news is true, there is worse to come."

In silence they huddled still closer together.

Away in the distance where dwelt the Comets there was much and similar talk.

"Do you remember", asked one, "your journey those years ago?"

"I remember it well." said the other. "I led the men through the desert to the place where he was born. Three kings they were, and wise as well. The place of his birth was mean and poor, but the gifts they offered were gifts for a king. I never thought it would come to this."

"I have heard," said the first, "that the Dog-Star Sirius has asked to be sent to chase them away to the ends of the earth and that Taurus the Bull has made the same plea. But no message has come that he wants them to go."

Not far away Orion and Mars were talking together.

"I'm for war", said Mars. "It's the only way to teach men a lesson they'll never forget, and stop them from doing something worse. You'll lend me your sword-belt when I go?"

"You shall certainly have it", Orion said; "but I've heard tell we are not to go. The other night I talked with the Moon, who told me she wanted to use the power she has with the tides to flood them away from the earth. But a message had come that bade us all remember what he had said. "The Stars in their courses fought for Sisera: they may not fight for me."

The night had passed, and the Sun had moved to his place high up in the heavens, when black tidings came to the heavenly host—"They are hanging him high on a tree! They are hanging him high on a tree!"

Then the Sun called aloud to the Moon, "Come close to me, Moon. Come close to me, Moon, and our shadow will darken the earth".

In the Gospel of St. Matthew it is written, "There was darkness over all the land".

J.D.

Football Quiz

A REPORT has already been published in the JOURNAL (March '52) on the broadcasts which Plymouth District of Toc H gives to all the local hospitals. At half-time some interesting person always comes to the microphone to speak to the patients and a few weeks ago Mr. George Stanbury, a former league player and football scout, gave a very fine talk. Afterwards, he was so impressed by the job being done that he conceived the idea of a quiz being broadcast to the hospitals and prizes to be given by well-known local shopkeepers.

The questions were set by the Sports Editor of the *Western Morning News*, Mr. Percy Clements, who broadcast them himself and arranged for their repetition in that night's *Football Herald*. Patients were asked to send their replies to Edgar Trout and on the following Saturday the names of the prize-winners and the answers to the questions were broadcast to the hospitals.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day, Mr. Clements presented sixteen prizes which Mr. George Stanbury had obtained from



First prize winner, Mrs. E. Bishop, in the Toc H Football Quiz for hospital patients, starts to cut her award assisted by Mr. P. Clements. Left to right are Gordon Bellingham, Stuart Collins, Arthur Bush, Edgar Trout and hospital Sister D. Mitchell.

local traders. These were presented to the Wards, the first being a Christmas Cake, beautifully iced with the words 'Toc H' on one side and 'Football Quiz' on the other. Apart from the conventional prizes there were some rather unusual ones. There was a very large Teddy Bear won by a lady, which was eventually presented to the Children's Ward, a pair of football boots made entirely of marzipan, a football made of ice cream, free seats for the local pantomime and cinemas and, perhaps best of all, the people at Wolseley Home for the Aged won a prize which entitled them to two thirty-two seater coach rides over the moors with a free tea at the end, so that sixty-four old folk will share an unforgettable afternoon.

The word 'Toc H' seems to be an 'open sesame' to any Ward in any of the local hospitals. Arthur Bush, as the commentator, is especially well known as he usually tours the hospitals on Saturday evenings after broadcasting in the afternoon. I know that spectacular jobs have their dangers, but Arthur's idea of these broadcasts has certainly put Toc H on the map.

A.G.B.



BOYS BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA

A BOUT A YEAR AGO a Boys Brigade Company was formed among the coloured community in East London. It is connected with the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches and the coloured Captain of the Company, in private life a wine steward at a Railway Club, is a great enthusiast. In a letter written in January to W. H. McVicker, the Overseas Secretary of the Brigade, he says this:—

We intend starting again the first week after the school term and I hope to have planned in advance for the opening. I wish to have more recruits by then. I have also the pleasure to let you know that I came in touch with our local branch of Toc H members, and they, too, will help the movement when we re-open again. They have met the City Councillors and we had a meeting together. As you know, we had no hall for meetings; we went on hiring the hall which we used for the time being. But we are now glad to say we are granted a piece of ground by the Council through the efforts of the European Toc H members, and although we have not met yet, we intend doing so at the beginning of the new term next year.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1953 — ?

Arthur Foster used to help at St. Stephen's Club, near Westminster Bridge, during the war. In 1948 he went to "take up residence" by the banks of the River Drau in Austria. The purpose is made clear in his own words, written on January 1, 1953 —

In the British Zone of Austria we still have over 55,000 refugees, and at present more are coming in than are being emigrated. We live and work with people who have lost everything in this mad world, trying to give hope—to find again a sense of humour—to hold fast to a belief in God and His Church. We try to do this by friendship, hampered by a lack of knowledge of tongues, but somehow by a hotchpotch of English, German and Slavonic words, aided by pounds of lard, sugar and cocoa, and old clothing sent from every part of the Western World, we do succeed. In this dreadful life of Camps, many of these people are growing old—too old ever again to live as rational beings. Here is tragedy; but worse, youngsters are growing up without that "home background". Some time ago, I took three children to a restaurant. None of them could use a knife and fork.

They asked what plates were for, and where were their bowls and spoons. They had never tasted ice cream. Perhaps these things do not matter, but they signify a race apart. Now the snow is deep on the ground, and every night the thermometer falls to 10°F below zero. It looks wonderful on a Christmas card, but it means being half-frozen in a barrack hut, and being numb because of emptiness.

Europe is in travail: out of the mess will come a new era. Thank God the Church is alive to its duty and opportunity. The World Council of Churches has set itself the task in a truly Ecumenical spirit of ministering to and for these wanderers denied their promised land. It ministers to them in the field without discrimination of race or even creed. Baptists and Lutherans, Methodists and Orthodox, Buddhist and Moslem, come to its centres for aid, and are sought out by its workers. Its workers seek simply to give aid and friendship, not just in a humanitarian spirit, but in the name of our common Lord.

Never in my experience have the Four Points of the Compass been so real, so essential.

INVISIBLE EXPORTS

Once upon a time I suppose the natives of South Devon knew more about the natives of other countries than anyone else in England. But nowadays one rather assumes that it is the great urban centres of this country that are in closer contact with people overseas. Which makes it all the more intriguing to learn from Bill Apted, the Dartmouth Secretary, that last year 75 per cent. of their new members were not Devonshire men but Nigerians—three out of four, to be precise.

John Midley-Scott and E. E. Eyo are still with them, but Emmanuel Smith has been back in Lagos for over a year, and in spite of the passage of time can say in his last letter to his old friends "I remember with great thanks to God my connection with Dartmouth and her people, as well as Toc H". Thank goodness that not all our colonial visitors return to their homes embittered by their experiences among us. He goes on to say "If there is anything I first missed when I arrived home it was the brotherly love and comradeship of Toc H. Our (Lagos) Toc H is going well here and we have now been admitted into the fold as a group. I hope it will not be long before we shall be recognised as a Branch". By offering their friendship to men of other races Dartmouth, and several other British Branches too, are laying what we hope are the solid foundations of Toc H in other parts overseas. They may not look at it in that light, but all the same it is true.

G.M.



PORTRAIT OF P.B.C.

Tubby Clayton: A Personal Saga. By Melville Harcourt.
(Hodder and Stoughton, 20s.)

Biography is one of the most fascinating and popular forms of literature, both for the writer and for the reader. It is of many kinds: it can serve a propaganda purpose or even be a form of deliberate fiction, but at its honest best it can build a monument to a man which will outlast bronze or marble. Of all its varieties none is more difficult than the life-story of a man still alive. For it is hard to catch the true perspective of a picture not yet complete, and only too easy to modify its colours for fear of hurting the feelings of the central figure. This task of drawing the portrait of a complex character, whose owner is still very much alive, Canon Melville Harcourt has essayed boldly and with great sincerity.

The author, who has written several other books, is by origin a New Zealander and is now a priest serving in the Episcopal Church of America. He was the prime mover in bringing Tubby over to the United States after the second war, and served as chairman there of an All Hallows Reconstruction Committee. How well that venture succeeded can be seen upon Tower Hill today, where the old church stands completely re-roofed, already partly in use and awaiting the completion of its beauty. Without the understanding and generous help of American friends it could not thus have risen so swiftly out of its ruins. Canon Harcourt, having heard much about Tubby from mutual friends, met him face to face for the first time on that visit. It is a happy circumstance that just as this book comes out they are meeting in America again.

A man who sets out to draw an intimate portrait of another from a distance—at arm's length, so to speak—starts with obvious difficulties but may end with real advantages. Canon Harcourt has had to view these things through the eyes of others and to collect an astonishing amount of material with which to piece together his picture. The lively, all-round

portrait which stands out at last is a great tribute, not only to his skill as a writer, but to his sympathy as a man. It may well be that Tubby's most intimate friends and fellow-servants stand too close to him to get so comprehensive a view, but every reader must, of course, make up his own mind how far it fits his own conception.

So far as the story concerns the origins of Toc H in Poperinghe and its growth since then it is—or ought to be—familiar to every member. Even here some of the details will come fresh to most and the whole scene may catch a new light in these pages. But when it comes to the sparkling narrative of Tubby's childhood and pre-Flanders history and, still further back, the glimpses of ancestors who were far from ordinary, the ground will be new to almost all of us. And again, in later years, there are many phases of Tubby's achievement, beyond the normal programme of Toc H at home or overseas, of which most of us know scattered details but have not woven them into a whole. His work at Knutsford Test School, his connection with the Royal Navy and the chaplaincy of the Tanker fleet, his stirring of public opinion about leprosy, his transformation of Tower Hill, his brilliant conception of the Winant Volunteers—these are more than by-products of an exceedingly busy man whose allotted task is to be a hard-working priest and the prophet of a world-wide movement. All these things are treated here in language which is never dull. In the very remarkable 'character' portrayed the faults and failings are not glossed over; it is no insipid 'plaster saint' that emerges. In the writer's final summing-up of Tubby he says:

He is a man of dreams who has had the impudence to believe that, under God's hand, he could make them come true. To do this he has been exacting, ruthless, inconsiderate and, occasionally, short-sighted in an impressive kind of way; but, for the most part, he has been overwhelmingly generous, loyal, courageous, daring and magnificently good-humoured. In short, he is a man who walks *with men*, while walking still with God.

B.B.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

The Reception and Welfare of In-Patients in Hospitals, a Ministry of Health pamphlet (H.M. Stationery Office 9d.)

Anyone who has ever occupied a hospital bed knows that a ward is a miniature world of its own. As the hospital's primary object is the care and repair of a man's body or mind it requires the patient to live and have his whole being there.

but hospitals have also a responsibility for patients as people. The purpose of this pamphlet is to point out ways of overcoming the monotony inseparable from the patient's life; in it voluntary work is recognised as having a permanent and important place in meeting his needs. Copies have been sent to all hospital authorities in England and Wales, with a request that they may be studied by hospital staffs, "both individually and collectively" and members interested in this field of service are strongly urged to do so as well.

C.

'PRISONER OF THE LORD'

That Man Paul. By Edward Carpenter. (Longmans 3s.)

This is a small book, only 111 pages: but it is also a big one. (It is not always true that one large book equals or is better than two small ones). It is written by Canon Carpenter of Westminster Abbey who, says the Bishop of London in his Foreword, 'is an experienced biographer'.

To judge from this book, it is a just claim; for Canon Carpenter makes St. Paul live in a way that few writers have achieved. He is not least successful in the painting of the background; and, indeed, his style throughout is fresh and lively. Describing Corinth, for example, he writes 'here might be a group of young men talking Greek philosophy in a learned but rather bogus manner . . . here might be a group of tough old seamen, used to messing about in boats'. Of St. Paul he says, 'Paul was as much a townsman as Dr. Johnson, and we can imagine him saying with the great lexicographer: "Don't talk to me of green fields; let's walk down Fleet Street"'. Commenting on St. Paul's advice on marriage, he writes 'Paul is not always at his best here, this widower is perhaps a little nervous of women'.

The life and teaching of St. Paul are made relevant to our times, and Canon Carpenter makes clear the affinity between the first and twentieth centuries. Anyone who reads this book will discover that St. Paul's theology was not formed in the peace of a study, but came red-hot from the anvil of personal experience—the experience of one of the most astounding men the world has seen.

Canon Carpenter shows that St. Paul's two concerns in life were God and persons. These are the concern of Toc H, and throughout the book much is said that strikes home for every Branch and for every member.

J.D.

Once in a while the Editorial post-bag yields a contribution in short-story form. Here is such a one received from a North-country member which we feel many readers will find outstanding.

“They’ll never believe me”

I SHALL REMEMBER every detail of that room so long as I live. And yet, as I sat there, tense, keyed-up and indeed really frightened, I could see nothing sinister about the place. It looked and felt familiar, not because I had been in that particular room before, but because I had been in so many like it. For it was just an ordinary classroom of the Day-cum-Sunday School type. I simply could not see any cause for this odd jittery feeling—and yet—there was something.

I sat on one of those wooden seats which are fixed to the wall. It was hard, highly varnished, and slippery. On my left a piece of wall stuck out a couple of feet or so, obviously a chimney breast and out of sight a fireplace. The fire was burning brightly because I could see it flickering on the opposite wall. The wall was a wooden affair painted in light and dark brown panels, shiny and sticky-looking. It was about six feet high with square panes of glass above. These went right up to the roof. In this wall, a little to my left, was a door.

All so ordinary

The room was badly lit and hazy with tobacco smoke. It was full of men—Toc H men—members of my own Branch and many from neighbouring Branches. Most of them I knew very well. They were all laughing, chattering, ambling about with cups of tea: every indication of the break for tea and buns at a joint Toc H ‘do’. All so very ordinary I said to myself. But that did not console me. I still had the feeling that something very unpleasant might happen any minute.

‘Skipper’ sat next to me, or at least I think he did. Now that is a funny thing to say, but as a matter of fact I never saw him. I just sort of knew he was there. He was talking to me most emphatically about something that sounded important. But I never gathered what it was. My mind was otherwise occupied—chasing around on the inside edge of this ridiculous problem, danger behind the ordinary.

Suddenly I began to wonder how I had got to this place.

What was it all about? And I didn't know—I just didn't know. I had no memory of walking through streets or of entering this particular building. The geography outside of what I could see was a complete blank. The voice of 'Skipper' went on, but my puzzled mind was busy trying to explore backwards. But there was nothing to explore. Before I found myself sitting on that bench there was nothing. My brain was in a turmoil, looking for a way of escape—but there just wasn't anything to escape from.

The other room

Then I noticed the door opposite slowly opening. By now I was in such a state that I almost expected some Dracula-like monster to emerge. But my nerves had fooled me again. It was only the Area Secretary; just a tall, thin, solemn-looking bloke. Nothing sinister about him. Or was there? All this time everybody was behaving in a perfectly normal way. Somehow that only made things worse. I began to wonder if I was mad. This bloke stood in the doorway and looked round, then his eye fell on me. Slowly he put up his hand and beckoned. Subconsciously I knew I had been waiting for this and I got to my feet. That seemed to be a signal that everybody had been waiting for and all the chaps formed up in two long lines making a sort of aisle from where I stood to that door. Everything went horribly quiet. I began to walk or rather march (if you get the difference) at a smart pace down that alley-way. My feet made a ghastly, hollow thumping noise, as though I were walking down a tunnel. In some mysterious way the doorway receded. Anyway it was a lot further across that room than I imagined. By the time I neared the doorway I was in a lather and then I was there—and stepped through. Into the other room.

Some special job?

It was an odd sensation. There was no light except that which filtered through the glass panes dividing the two rooms. This gave a peculiar effect as though the room was ruled off in angular patches of light and shadow. When my eyes became accustomed to the queer light I realised that I was not alone. To my left, set askew from the wall, was a large flat topped desk, and grouped round it, a rather severe looking bunch of the District Team. It began to look as though I were on the mat for something. Sat at the desk was the chap who appeared

to be in charge of the proceedings. He was an extremely tough-looking customer. Certainly not the kind of chap you would say "Why" to. As I stood there it occurred to me that he must be—well perhaps "Director of Jobmasters". Somehow a slight military atmosphere had developed and I marched smartly across and came to a halt in front of the desk. The next bit is frightfully confused. Vaguely I remember being given some special job to do. For the life of me, I cannot remember what it was. But whatever it was, the important thing was, that I must contact 'Skipper'. This was stressed as most important. Dimly I remembered hearing 'Skipper' talk and began to wish I had listened. The end of this interview was most intriguing. The chap behind the desk rummaged in a drawer and produced an old, worn and somewhat faded Toc H tie. Then I had to hand in my button badge, take off my own tie and replace it with the one handed to me. That closed the proceedings and the next thing I knew, I was back in the other room.

No link between

While I had been away it had become much more crowded. It was also very hot and airless. The place was full of an excited crowd all arguing about something. It was full to overflowing and I had the greatest difficulty in moving around. I practically fought my way from group to group asking for 'Skipper'. No one had seen him; no one wanted to bother and answer me. I struggled about. The place got hotter, the people larger and apparently I got smaller. Soon I was fighting my way through a jungle of humans all much bigger than myself, frantically searching for 'Skipper'. By now I was getting into a panic, proper "wind-up". It never occurred to me to ask myself why I was so frightened, why I was doing these idiotic things? There was no option. I just had to go on. Still, I struggled anxiously, hopelessly, until I had visions of falling to the floor exhausted, to be trampled to death amongst the crumbs and cigarette ends. Then I had the thought that 'Skipper' would not be found here and the next minute I was standing in a road. Just like that—standing in a road. Like a book with several pages missing, there was no link between where I had been and where I was.

It was a lovely afternoon and I stood there complacently enjoying the sun, the breeze and the scenery. Then one little bit of me began to nag again. This set up, it said, is absolutely

crazy, pull yourself together and look at the place. When I began to take notice, things did look odd. For instance, on my side of the road was a large garage. Across the way was an old and dilapidated red brick building which I had known as the "Old Brewery". The point was that these two were never there at the same time. The road, which I now recognised, was a queer but orderly jumble of past, present and for all I know future. Then again, the road was deserted, no people, no traffic. Still I hung about vaguely wondering why I was there. It was while I idled about in this uneasy manner, that I first noticed the electric tram. There were no rails, no overhead cables, which seemed strange. Still, there it was a small single-decker electric tram, painted red and cream. It came along so quietly, so steadily that it appeared almost to float down the road. I could not see any driver or conductor as it passed. Then from inside there was a flicker of light, and there, as large as life, sat 'Skipper' lighting his pipe.

Uneasy path

That did it. I knew why I was hanging about on the road. Contact 'Skipper'. By this time the tram had got some way down the road and I remember thinking how bright the colours looked in the sunshine. However, I set off at a pretty tidy pace after it. I ran, I waved, shouted and did everything I could to attract attention. It glided steadily away.

Now I began to have other troubles. The road became very rough and grew worse as I ran. It was covered with fairly large stones, the edges and corners sharp as broken glass. My shoes were being cut to pieces. On I staggered, shouting, waving, gasping for breath. Then to my relief, I could see way ahead the road was smooth. It shone like tarmac. This I thought is where I get a move on. Once again it was an illusion—the smooth road surface was soft, like half set toffee: my feet sank a little and were difficult to lift. At each step I sank deeper and deeper. It was increasingly difficult to drag my feet out. Rapidly I was becoming exhausted, the blood drumming in my ears seemed to hammer "contact 'Skipper', contact 'Skipper' ". Sweat poured off me and ran into my eyes. I could see the tram as a distant, misty, coloured spot, a long, long way off. And yet for no reason at all I struggled on. Then it happened. My left foot sank much deeper and I struggled hard to get free. It came free suddenly

and I lost my balance. I began to fall. I say "began to fall" because that is what happened. Everything went into slow motion. My hands were stretched out as though to save myself. I saw them touch the surface and slowly, very slowly, vanish into that black mess—over my wrists—my elbows—slowly my face got nearer—I felt my forehead touch, there was a noise as though someone was screaming. I felt the stuff going into my eyes, nose and mouth. The screaming noise stopped and I sank deeper and deeper into blackness.

Tell-tale shoes

Of course the obvious sequel to all this, is that I should wake up in bed. And to be sure, that is just what I did. The family were away, it was a holiday and I dreamily enjoyed the prospect of not being forced to get up. Then I heard someone running down the street. Association of ideas I suppose but I sat up with a jerk and began to remember vividly the story narrated above. Gosh! I thought, what a heck of a dream. I felt as though I had lived it all. Every detail stuck in my mind and as I slowly dressed. I found myself staring at nothing and seeing things. I came downstairs pondering and feeling somehow uneasy. Then I got the shock of my life. In the middle of the kitchen floor stood a pair of shoes—my shoes—covered with black muck. Cautiously I picked them up, the soles were cut badly and the left sole torn from the upper.

Well! you can laugh, you can think up all the explanations you like. But on the rail where my ties hang there is a Toc H tie that isn't mine. It's old, worn and faded and it has a little white tab inside giving the maker's name and Toc H Reg. No. 231219.

Believe it or not, that's my story. I know folks get to funny places in dreams, but I bet I'm the first one to bring a neck-tie back.

F.V.

* * *

A friend is the fellow who sticks by you, when the others walk out on you. Some walk out when they find out what you really are; others walk out when they find out what you don't possess; others again walk out when you prove their friendship by asking their help. The true friend is one who knowing all about you still sticks closer than a brother.

ON OUR BRANCH



While it is a well-known fact that the true strength and vitality of Toc H is best experienced at Branch level, limitations of JOURNAL space prevent more than an occasional brief mention of any individual unit. By way of experiment, we are here printing some accounts received from 'average' units which give, within the compass of two hundred words, either a general picture of the Branch or else outline a particular aspect. Other Branches are warmly invited to send in contributions for possible inclusion in this feature.

MEET NORTHAMPTON TOWN

Let me give you a general picture of our Branch. We are twenty-five members strong, and our everyday jobs cover a wide field, but every Wednesday evening we get together for our weekly meeting.

Many jobs are permanent ones, like visiting the Mansfield Orthopaedic Hospital, where many of the patients are in bed for long periods. Dr. Barnardo's Home is another visited place, also each year we give a hand with their fête. There is also the running of a local Boys' Club library, giving a hand at a Deaf and Dumb Institute, and the many other little jobs that members do on their own.

The highlight of the year is perhaps the running of the outing for the Out-patients of the Hospital. This takes the form of a car ride, tea and home again. We have about thirty cars, all in convoy, and make our way to some beauty spot. Sometimes another Branch helps us by providing a tea *en route*.

We have for the past two years had a stall in the local Market Square just before Christmas, and with the help of other Branches in the town are able to get sufficient goods to stock it very well. Of course it is a lot of fun. Also at this time we have the usual Poultry Whist Drive.

In so few words it is difficult to give a complete view of our Branch, but hope that it is of interest to other members.

P.R.

DOWN DIDSBURY WAY

DIDSBURY (Cheshire) have now battled for six years to impinge on the locals but we seem to have made it a hard task. Even the majority of our members come from outside the village. But last Christmas we put on a Christmas Party and Concert for nearly two hundred of the old folk and it was

a storming success. Co-operation from the local operative society, shopkeepers and many others brought the Branch's good work under the spotlight.

Five years ago we took a party of children to the sea-side for a day. From this small beginning has grown the Toc H Poor Children's Holiday Camp at St. Annes-on-Sea, now run jointly by the Fylde and Tattion Districts, with Lance MacCullough, a Didsbury member, as Secretary. Last year nearly two hundred poor children had a week by the sea and preparations are afoot for the coming summer.

The Branch has just lost a personality in its Secretary, Tom Bolton, who has moved to Preston but is fortunate in Frank Gill, an enthusiastic step-in for the job. With a new Jobmaster, Fred Haliburton, backed by two founder members, Sam Taylor and Ken Lloyd, we hope to see action. Our members are keen on having a carefully planned programme and woe betide those responsible for anything third-rate.

The banner of the Branch is a crowing cock, after the sign of the local inn, but on recruitment we have nothing to crow about. We do, however, place this at the forefront as being of vital importance.

W.L.

IN CATTERICK VILLAGE

Every Thursday at 8 p.m. a group of men meets in the Toc H hut at Catterick. Nearby the Great North Road reverberates with the harsh sounds of machines. Inside the hut the fire glows and men relax in the pleasant atmosphere of good fellowship.

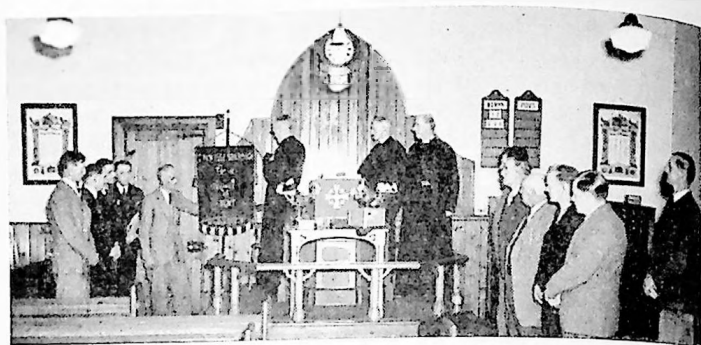
The programme generally begins with informal conversation and a sing-song. The harmonium wheezes its way through many a merry tune. A cup of tea and a biscuit then provide a welcome break. Light is taken at 8.45 p.m. and 'business' is settled immediately afterwards. Each member in turn takes the chair for two consecutive weeks.

Catterick represents a real cross-section of the community. Doctors, carpenters, mechanics and farmers discuss 'Water-divining'. Apiarist, schoolmaster, padre, bank-clerk, traveller and smith debate some knotty problem of 'Mechanics'. Here is the very essence of Toc H. Men of all types, jobs and ages, meeting on a common ground.

The chief jobs of the year are the Children's Sports, Dr. Barnado's Collection and the Old Folk's Christmas Party. Members of Toc H are associated with Parish and Rural

Councils, The Young Farmers, Village Institute Committee, Boy Scouts, Old Peoples' Club and the Children's Dancing Club. Thus the seed of service is increased in the field of village life, and in this way Catterick Toc H strives to uphold the traditions of the Movement.

R.P.H.



NEW BANNER

The black, gold and green banner of SOUTH WILLESBOROUGH (Kent) Branch was recently dedicated by the Vicar of Ashford to the memory of Robert Kennedy ('Jock'), a founder-member of the Branch, who died in 1951. Designed by Charlie Clover and embroidered by his daughter, Peggy, it was recently displayed with other Toc H Branch banners at The Cinema, Ashford, when the film *Cry, the Beloved Country* was being shown.

C.E.C.

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OTHONA 1953

PRELIMINARY NOTICE: The Community will be open to visitors from Saturday, July 4, to Saturday, September 12. Speakers for the weekly sessions include Oliver Wilkinson, Herbert Leggate, Iain Fraser and John Drewett. We can take whole families in certain weeks. Hut accommodation is available and bell tents can be provided for those who prefer canvas. The charges are as follows: Adults £3 inclusive, children half-price. In certain circumstances visitors are welcomed at reduced rates and there is one free place each week for anyone who would care to assist with the running of the camp. For further particulars please apply to Norman Motley, 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1.



Open

HUSTINGS

The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

African Federation

DEAR EDITOR,

May I reply to Donovan Sadler's letter in the January JOURNAL as briefly as possible.

(1) The majority of us here regard the Africans who come to this country to study at our colleges and universities as the cream of the peoples they come from, and the potential leaders of tomorrow in their respective countries. I believe this is sound and right.

(2) The awakening of the people in Britain to their responsibilities as the Africans' trustee is born of a genuine concern for the future welfare of their fellow citizens of all races in the Colonies, and is a sign of encouragement for the future.

(3) The British Government rightly pledged themselves to consult African opinion, and the general opposition of Africans in the Central African Territories to Federation cannot be challenged.

The British Council of Churches' statement expressed the conviction that the way ahead in the Central African Territories lay through partnership between the races, and the Africans of Northern Rhodesia at Victoria Falls indicated that they would

consider Federation providing the goal of partnership was made clear and practical steps towards its realisation defined and initiated.

The Draft Federation Scheme fails to meet the Africans' approach to Federation and should it surprise us that they have been unwilling to take part in the subsequent conferences? The finality of the following provision in the White Paper:—

"Part 3 1. (1) The Federal Assembly will consist of thirty-five members, namely:

- (a) Twenty-six Elected Members.
- (b) Seven Elected Members for African Interests, and
- (c) Two Appointed Members for African Interests."

leaves behind the impression that the proposed constitution lacks flexibility.

The discrimination against Africans remains and the Draft Scheme does not envisage any path towards partnership as the African people advance in knowledge and ways of life. Can we accept a scheme which lacks such a fundamental essential for its success?

CECIL B. WAKELY.

Coulsdon, Surrey.

Differing viewpoints

DEAR EDITOR,

Re the letter in the January JOURNAL arising out of the debate by Sandy and Royston Branches on the make-up of the JOURNAL, I as a member of Toc H strongly object to the term "too much foreign news". As we are a world-wide family there can be no 'foreigners', how can it therefore be foreign news? To me it is family news in which I am interested. Every Branch is of equal value wherever they are situated.

STANLEY LEADLE.

Ormesby, Yorks.

DEAR EDITOR,

Why is it that I buy each edition of your JOURNAL with only the thought that I am helping Toc H funds, or that I am supporting my Unit to sell half-a-dozen copies that we order? Why do I not look forward to its publication and why is it that so few copies are demanded by our Unit?

There can be only one answer. The Toc H JOURNAL is uninteresting. In this opinion I am supported indirectly by the January letter from Ipswich Branch, and from my observations of your readers, in whose eyes I see no gleams of satisfaction nor flashes of delight as the pages are listlessly turned.

I should like to see in the JOURNAL, and here I freely quote from C.C.'s article in the January issue, "the informing spirit, dry bones living and an *elan vital*".

Therefore, I suggest some improvements.

Engage some honorary reporters or special correspondents who should write reports on worthwhile talks, discussions and debates of the Branches. Juxtapose different viewpoints on some pressing economic, political or social question of the day and let us, Sir, have your opinions underneath. Book, film, theatre, B.B.C. sound and television critics should be given a distemper brush and not a child's paint brush with which to splash your columns.

Further suggestions leap to my mind, but I am sure that these three alone if adopted, would so increase your mail. Sir, that your correspondence would cover page upon page—a very good sign, I submit, for any journal that hopes to survive.

F. O. TAPP.

Pickhurst Green.

Post-war Job

DEAR EDITOR,

Toc H is still doing a good job of work in many ways and in many parts of the world but some question whether it is not spending most of its strength unprofitably in keeping the trees standing—e.g. Branch Executives, District Teams, Area Executives and other committees—when it should be developing the wood. Toc H has, it is said, a constant active membership of some 20,000 men and a floating population of some 80,000 more, and yet how difficult it is to find men to look after the

trees effectively and even to find the right men. Why? Is it not possible that Toc H in its present form has, to use the current phrase, "had it", and not because it is not doing a real job but because many Toc H members somehow realise: what the Movement as a whole has not yet realised what is the nature of the real post-war job it should do? Is it not possible that if the real job were to be found the imagination of members past and present would be fired anew and Toc H become that vital force in the building of God's Kingdom they believe it should and still can be?

It is being said more and more that the future of the Church in this country, in which Toc H is vitally concerned, will generally be built from the place where men work. One hundred thousand men and women brought up in the Toc H tradition and method could undoubtedly work wonders in that field if they would but try. Some are already trying and finding it pioneering, adventurous and self-sacrificing work.

The job is to act as a liaison between Christian and other people of goodwill in Industry and Commerce. This should be a natural work for Toc H as a Movement to do. How many of us know all our fellow Christians where we work? Let the energies of Toc H members be used to develop some of the methods already being tried out by other people in such places as Coventry, Sheffield, Scotland, South Wales, Slough, etc. and in places abroad such as France and U.S.A. Start

by seeking out Christians and others like minded and by bringing them together after working hours on some common meeting ground such as a works canteen or a community centre. Thus a fellowship capable of great possibilities could be created.

What is being done in a small way in various places is surprisingly both valuable and good. Tackled on a wide scale a spirit could be released from Trade Union to Board room and in every type of organisation in between wherever Christians are—and they are everywhere—that would go a long way to ameliorating the world's difficulties.

It is not suggested that Toc H should build another organisation but that it should adapt to a fresh use the organisation it already has. To do this Toc H should embark upon a policy of running still more on a voluntary basis as far as the trees are concerned and with a minimum of staff for that purpose. This would release staff to encourage the membership in the industrial field. The membership would no doubt react to this important lead and subscribe to the Family Purse as wholeheartedly as they do now.

If this should mean a change of direction for Toc H today it would be no small matter for the membership to undertake. What is needed is drive, fresh adventure and new relevance. This is what Toc H members are looking for and sorely need.

ERIC W. SAYWELL.

Slough, Bucks.

The long arm

DEAR EDITOR,

Regarding "Proud Memory"
(JOURNAL, December, 1952).

Isn't it strange how the humblest of us like to associate ourselves with people and events in print? Which prompts this little story. The Padre of Henleaze, Bristol Branch, the Rev. Conrad G. Stallan, was staying with a Major and Mrs. Grant and on retiring found on his bedside table the December JOURNAL. He read the story of the Banner, and suddenly realised that Miss Brown (of Singapore, 1948) was his hostess now Mrs. Grant, whose husband Major Grant (also Toc H) was at Changi P.O.W. Camp, Singapore, where he eventually met and became engaged to Miss (Banner) Brown. This was your Miss Brown's first knowledge of her mention in the JOURNAL. Mrs. Stallan and Mrs. Grant are sisters, hence Padre Stallan's visit.

"The Long Arm", "It's a small world", etc. But quite a story!

E. TAYLOR.

Henleaze, Bristol.

'Where Toc H meets'

DEAR EDITOR,

As a footnote to the cover picture on the February JOURNAL, in view of the approaching Coronation and the Naval Review at Spithead, readers may like to know that The Manor, Bedhampton, is a charming Guest House which still retains an Elizabethan air of rural peace while being

accessible to many places of extreme interest. The full address is: The Manor, Bedhampton, near Havant, Hants.

FRANK H. BELL.

Bedhampton.

N.B. Members are invited to send in photographs of their Branch meeting rooms for possible inclusion in the series of JOURNAL cover pictures.

Welcome help

DEAR BARKIS,

Thank you for the note in last June's JOURNAL asking readers whether they could offer hospitality to German students. As a result, we had quite a few offers from Toc H members and are grateful to them and to you.

MORNA SMITH.

G.E.R.,

London Liaison Office, S.W.1.

Bargain Basement!

It would be a pity to keep the small remainder of 1953 Toc H Diaries on our shelves, so they are being offered at the greatly reduced price of

1s. 6d. each

(those fitted with pencil 1s. 9d.). Supplies are very limited and first-comers will secure them